

THE DAY BOOK

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THOSE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

—Talk about your stone age stuff—the heartrending sobs of some of Chicago's leading money sharks about how the poor widows and orphans will suffer if the city doesn't permit the tunnel company to sell the Automatic to the phone trust—well, that gag is old enough to join the mummy class in the Field museum.

In the old days of frenzied finance when many bankers were about as harmless to the public as Barney Bertche's clairvoyants, the game was for banking and trust companies to underwrite the securities of public service corporations. They would take the bonds at a discount, with a liberal stock bonus. The next step was to unload the bonds on widows and orphans, when the fond father had died without previously training his wife in a business way so she could take care of what he left her and the kids. As a general thing there was a rake-off in it for the bank, who unloaded the stuff on poor widows and orphans.

Then when the public attempted to regulate the corporations the money sharks would turn on the sob stuff about the poor widows and orphans.

One of the poor widows Banker Dave Forgan was sobbing for is Mrs. E. H. Harriman, widow of the rail-

road promoter, who left her somewhere around a hundred millions.

The most important widow in this case, however, is J. Ogden Armour. He is also the leading orphan. Poor Og.

SHORT ONES

Between the toadstool eaters and the canoeists our fatality lists compare favorably with those of Europe this summer.

Gowns are to button up the backs again this fall. This is printed as a gentle hint to young bachelors who are thinking of taking the fatal step.

The millenium will arrive when there are more pretty girls than chiggers at summer resorts.

We sincerely hope Europe will leave us enough wheat for next winter's flapjacks.

A pessimist is a fellow who mourns because it is too hot for buckwheat cakes and sausage until the peach cobbler season is over.

SATISFIED



"SI, the sheriff's got a man in jail down in the village who don't want to get out."

"Who is he?"

"He's a bigamist."